THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 23, 1803.

Extract from a long and intereſting Official Letter juſt received from the Miſſionaries at Otaheite.

(Concluded from Page 391.)

ON Monday, July 5th, Captain Biſhop, Brother Elder, and part of the Europeans, returned. By Captain Biſhop, various expreſſes already received, were confirmed; the ſubſtance of which was as follows:

The fleet landed in Attahooroo on Saturday, July 3, at eleven, A. M. a ſmall party of the rebels ſaw their approach and retired. The enemy was withdrawn to their ſtrong holds, which, on reconnoitring, were found to be, if not wholly impregnable, yet the ſtorming of them muſt be attended with great loſs. Captain Biſhop and men would have made the attempt, but Pomarre and men could not be brought to venture on ſo deſperate an action.—Several ſhot were fired, which in general fell harmleſs. One of Pomarre's men was wounded in the chin and throat, by a ball from the enemy, though they fired but few muſkets, owing perhaps to their ſcantineſs of ammunition; ſtones they flung in abundance, and rolled down ſome from a great height, of ſeveral hundred pounds weight. On the following morning, a party of Papparra people, marching to join the rebels, was intercepted by a party of the royaliſts. The leader of the party (who was a great warrior) and his wife (a woman of a very goodly appearance) were ſlain; the reſt made their eſcape, and got ſafe to the ſtrong holds. The bodies of the man and his wife were treated in a moſt inhuman manner. The reſt of the day paſſed without any particular occurrence, till evening, when Captain Biſhop, wearied with the inactivity, irreſolution, and want of ſubordination that pervaded Pomarre's camp, had actually re-embarked his men to return to Mattavai. Pomarre alſo,

who thought it not ſafe to remain there without the Engliſhmen, was re-embarking his people with all poſſible ſpeed. The embarkation was nearly completed, and moſt of the canoes were moving off, when an unexpected event took place, which gave a new turn to affairs.

A young man who has been with the ſociety ſome years, and who had taken to himſelf the name of *To-morrow Morning*, had ſhewn a moſt active and courageous ſpirit, and performed ſuch feats of bravery, as aſtoniſhed our countrymen, and excited the admiration of his own. This young man at the time of embarking was up, with one more, at the enemy's entrenchments, braving them to appear and fight, and firing at them, as he ſaw opportunity. At this ſeaſon a heavy ſhower of rain came from the mountains. The rebels, perhaps, deeming this a favourable time, ſeized, as they thought, the golden moment, and, in great numbers ruſhed out, armed with muſkets, ſpears, clubs, and ſlings, and chaced *To-morrow Morning* and the other down to the fleet; they at times firing upon him, and he on them.

The noiſe of the muſkets, and their approach, attracted the attention of the people embarked, and ſtopped their further proceedings. *To-morrow Morning* came in ſight, and gave notice that the enemy was come. In the twinkling of an eye, a few of Pomarre's muſketeers, not yet in their canoes, ſprang forward to the combat. A ſucceſsful diſcharge of their pieces obliged the rebels in an inſtant to turn their backs and fly. In the mean time the ſeamen and ſoldiers relanded, and joined in the purſuit of the flying foe; who, in a very peculiar manner, after running ſome ſpace, in a moment rallied and faced their purſuers. Some of Captain Biſhop's party were ſufficiently near for the attack. The ſight of the Europeans overpowered the rebels; their ſpirit failed them, and they now fled in differentdirections.

This moſt unlooked-for diſpenſation of providence proved highly advantageous for Pomarre, as God gave into his hands ſeventeen of the rebels, who were killed upon the ſpot; all fighting men, inveterate enemies, and among them one of the principal ringleaders of the rebellion. Each of the ſeventeen bodies was treated in the moſt wantonly barbarous manner: pierced with ſpears, beat with clubs, daſhed with ſtones, derided, ſcoffed, and otherwiſe maltreated, as if now inſceptible of pain, or affected by their taunts.

Pomarre thought the rebellion was cruſhed, and that he ſhould have nothing more to do the next morning than to go and take poſſeſſion of their ſtrong holds, and wreak his unpitying anger on thoſe who ſhould fall into his hands. Captain Biſhop ſeeing ſuch a ſudden change of circumſtances, determined to remain the night, and give the finiſhing blow to the war.

On Monday morning they marched up to the entrenchments, which are about four miles and a half from the beach: but how great

great was their ſurprize, when, inſtead of finding them abandoned (the plunder of which was already ſeized on in their imaginations) they ſaw every part that could be ſeen as well manned as before, and as lively as ever. They could do no more than diſcharge ſeveral muſkets upon them, which could do them but little hurt; and after a while return to the fleet. A woman, an ambaſſadreſs, was permitted to paſs between the parties. She carried an account to the rebels of thoſe who had been killed, and how they were treated. They received the intelligence with ſeeming indifference; ſaid that they did not know them; and as for the ſlain chief, they ſuppoſed that he had been carried away by the river, and not ſlain by the royaliſts. The ſurviving ringleader of the rebellion, a relation of Pomarre's named Tahtahaee, bade the ambaſſadreſs acquaint Pomarre, that when they had done to him as they had done to Rooa (the name of the chief killed) then, and not till then, there would be peace in the land.

Captain Biſhop knowing that Captain Simpſon could not be detained longer from proſecuting his voyage, returned with the boat, leaving fifteen men with Pomarre. Brother Elder alſo returned. Pomarre has not loſt in the expedition any man killed, and but four wounded; one of whom was by his own party, by miſtake. One of the Norfolk's men received a ſlight blow on his hip with a ſtone. On Tueſday Pomarre ſent the Europeans home, and removed his fleet about twelve miles nearer Mattavai, and there encamped.

Upon the whole, this ſhort campaign, through the mercy of God, has tended very much to deſtroy the ſtrength of the prevailing commotion. The two chiefs above named (one of whom is dead) may be conſidered as the life of the rebellion. Their fighting men are but few. As for the body of the people, on both ſides, they are always ſpectators; and prepared to fly, or plunder, and exerciſe cruelties on thoſe wounded or ſlain.

Reſpecting our perſonal ſafety, while God is pleaſed to continue the means he has afforded us, there is little probability now that we ſhall be aſſailed in our habitations; but the Venus is expected every hour; on her arrival Captain Biſhop and men will quit the iſland, if not alſo Captain Houſe and men. Should that occur, and the diſturbances of the iſland not be ſettled, what may follow we cannot tell. The Porpoiſe is looked for; but her coming is dubious. We have ſuffered conſiderably by the preſent diſtreſſes, through deſtroying ſeveral incloſures of gardens, and gardens themſelves, and pulling down our chapel; all which was done to clear around us, as much as poſſible, in order to prevent an unſeen approach, and alſo the firing of our dwelling from the flames of the chapel, ſhould it be burnt; it being cloſe to the dwelling-houſe. The ſociety's labour and expence in erecting the fence, &c. and cultivating the ground,

has been very great and they are now ruined. Our ſtock of uſeful articles, to pay our workmen, is almoſt expended; ſo that ſhould peace be reſtored, we ſhall not be able readily to replace our affairs in their former ſituation.

The work of preaching the goſpel continues; and ſo far the Lord has over-ruled the diſorders of the land, by giving ſeveral hundreds of this iſland and Eimeo an opportunity to hear the word of ſalvation. One circuit of the iſland was taken juſt before the rebellion broke out, and the goſpel preached in every diſtrict, except Attahooroo. Otoo has, of late, on two ſabbath-days, deſired to hear the word of Jehovah; which was accordingly ſpoken to him and others of his family, and many of his ſubjects, that he aſſembled to hear. He ſeems to have ſome idea that there is but *one* God: and expreſſes no diſlike to any part of the plan of ſalvation, ſo far as he can comprehend it. Pomarre is a moſt bigotted man, and is, as it were, the ſoul of his country's abominable ſuperſtition.

Through the mercy of our Heavenly Father, we, in general, enjoy a good portion of health and ſtrength. Our prayers are for Zion's increaſe and proſperity. We beſeech you to pray for us.

I remain,
Dear and honoured fathers and brethren,
Your affectionate brethren and ſiſters in the Lord.
JOHN JEFFERSON, for the ſociety.

To the Directors of the Miſſionary Society.

Remarkable INSTANCES *of* APPARENT DEATH.

[Extracted from a "Dictionary of the Wonders of Nature," juſt publiſhed.]

FROM this very intereſting publication, which contains in a ſmall compaſs a vaſt fund of information for the inquiſitive mind, we ſhall lay before our readers a few articles under this head.

This is a ſtate of lethargy carried to the 7th degree; a ſtate of apoplexy ſufficient to deceive people the moſt ſkilful and beſt informed: and ſo much the more diſtreſſing is it, as in the ordinary way of life we are in haſte to diſengage ourſelves as ſoon as poſſible from the ſight of a dead body. In conſequence of this diſpatch, how many perſons have been, and ſtill continue daily to be the wretched victims of this barbarous practice. Amidſt the multitude of examples which we could produce of this kind of apparent death, we ſhall ſelect the moſt ſtriking. The deſire of being uſeful to humanity, and of inſpiring a diſtruſt of our own judgment with reſpect to perſons

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in all appearance dead, we ſhall inſert the following inconteſtible facts concerning perſons who have been actually interred alive.

In 1772, a girl in Vivarais, named Marianne Olivonne, was ſubject for three years to a diſtemper as ſingular as incomprehenſible, which regularly attacked her on the 1ſt of March, and terminated on the 19th of the ſame month about midnight. As ſhe was aware of this periodical criſis, ſhe prepared herſelf for it accordingly ſome days before. She went to bed, fell aſleep, and continued immovable as in a ſtate of death. Her arms and her legs grew ſtiff, her eye-lids became cloſed, her teeth were locked ſo as that it was impoſſible to open her mouth, and ſhe retained no other ſigns of life than a motion in her eye-lids, that was almoſt imperceptible, and the ſmalleſt tint of redneſs in her cheeks. Her pulſe was nearly fixed. For nineteen days ſhe neither ate nor drank, neither did her body ſuffer any waſte, not even by perſpiration. She was not poſſeſſed of the ſmalleſt degree of feeling: pins were even ſtuck in her legs and thighs, nor could ſhe in the leaſt perceive the violence. She was ſenſible of no pain ſucceeding theſe attempts to recal her, until the moment in which ſhe awoke from her lethargy on the 19th of March at midnight.

The girl was born of poor parents, and was 15 years of age when this account was firſt taken. Her whole ſuſtenance conſiſted of ſome freſh fruits. A ſuſpicion of fraud with reſpect to her malady had once ariſen, but the lord of the place, and ſeveral other perſons of conſideration, cauſed her to be watched night and day, and have confirmed the report of her uſing no aliment. However ſingular might be the ſtate of this girl, it was by no means equivocal, and there certainly was no danger of her friends confounding it with a ſtate of real death.

But this is not the caſe with every other kind of lethargy, particularly if it ſucceeds to any dangerous indiſpoſition: thus a number of inſtances have been found of perſons ſuppoſed really dead, who nevertheleſs were only in a ſtate of lethargy from which it was found impoſſible to recal them, either in adminiſtering ſuitable relief, or of abandoning them to the operations of nature. We have often been told with certainty of perſons taken for dead who have riſen from their winding-ſheets, their coffins, or their tombs. It is equally certain that perſons interred with too much precipitation have met with certain death only in their graves. Inconteſtible facts prove likewiſe that bodies given too haſtily to the anatomical knife have manifeſted by their cries certain marks of life, as ſoon as they have felt the edge of the inſtrument, to the eternal ſhame of the imprudent anatomiſt who charged himſelf with the melancholy operation.

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Peter Zacchias, a celebrated phyſician of Rome, relates the following appropriate ſtory. There was a young man in the hoſpital of the Holy Ghoſt, who, being attacked with the plague, from the violence of his diſtemper fell into ſo perfect a ſyncope as to be imagined dead. His body was placed among thoſe who, having died of the ſame malady, were waiting for interment. Whilſt theſe carcaſes were tranſporting acroſs the Tyber in a bark deſtined for this office, the young man exhibited ſome ſigns of life, upon which he was immediately carried back to the hoſpital, where he recovered. Two days afterwards however, he relapſed into a like ſyncope, and his body was once more numbered with the dead, and was again tranſported acroſs the Tyber for burial. Again, however, he came to himſelf; new cares were beſtowed upon him, and the aſſiſtance of ſuitable remedies not only completely reſtored him to life, but even cured him ſo completely, that he lived for many years afterwards.

The following ſtory is related by a perſon who ſaw the monument which is mentioned in the courſe of it.

The heroine of this event was named Retchmuth Adoleh. She was the wife of a conſul of Cologne, and was reputed to have died of a plague that deſtroyed the greateſt part of the inhabitants of that city. She was conſequently interred, in the year 1571, and a ring of great value was ſuffered to remain on her finger, which tempted the cupidity of the grave-digger. The night was the time that he pitched upon for his plunder. At the very moment of his attempt the lady came to herſelf, and lived to be the mother of three children, who all became eccleſiaſtics. After her deceaſe, ſhe was buried near the door of the ſame church, in a monument which is thus ſuperficially deſcribed. A large tablet was erected over the ſepulchre, where the fact is pourtrayed by the chiſel of the artiſt, and depicted likewiſe in German verſe.

The above ſtory calls to our mind a more modern one, which relates to the wife of a goldſmith of Poitiers. This woman was buried with four gold rings on her finger, agreeable to her requeſt previous to her ſuppoſed death. A poor man of the neighbourhood, hearing of this circumſtance, dug up the corpſe, that he might poſſeſs himſelf of the rings: not being able, however, to pull them off without uſing ſome degree of violence, he awoke the woman in attempting it. She called out, and complained of being hurt. The affrighted robber fled, and the woman recovered from her fit of apoplexy, came out of her coffin, which by this daring depredation was happily open, and returned to her own home. In a few days ſhe was completely re-eſtabliſhed. She lived ſeveral years after this ſingular event, and bore her huſband children, who followed their father's profeſſion.

The following account of a reſurrection is extracted from the 8th volume of the Cauſes Celebres, and was the ſubject of a ſerious law-ſuit: we ſhall only, however, give an abridgment of it, but ſufficient to bring in view the principal circumſtances of this memorable event.

Two men in trade, who lived in the ſtreet St. Honore, in Paris, nearly equal in circumſtances, both following the ſame profeſſion and united in the cloſeſt friendſhip, had each of them a child, much about the ſame age, the one a boy, the other a girl. Theſe children were brought up together, and conceived a mutual attachment, which ripening with years into a ſtronger and more lively ſentiment, was approved of by the parents on both ſides. This young couple was upon the point of being made happy by a more ſolid union, when a rich financier, conceiving a paſſion for the young maiden, unfortunately croſſed their inclinations by demanding her in marriage. The allurements of a more ſplendid fortune ſeduced her father and mother, notwithſtanding their daughter's repugnance, to conſent to the change. To their inſtances, however, ſhe was obliged to yield, and ſacrificed her affections by becoming the wife of the financier. Like a woman of virtue, ſhe forbade her earlier lover the houſe. A fit of melancholy, the conſequence of this violence done to her inclinations by entering into an engagement of intereſt, brought on a malady which ſo far benumbed her faculties, that ſhe was reputed to have died, and was accordingly buried. The lover ſoon became informed of the doleful end of his miſtreſs. He recollected, however, that ſhe was formerly attacked with a violent lethargy; he flattered himſelf that he might poſſibly find her again in the ſame ſituation. This idea not only ſuſpended his grief, but prompted him to the meaſure of bribing the grave-digger, by whoſe aid he dug up the body in the night time, and conveyed it home. He then uſed every means for recalling her to life, and was overjoyed on diſcovering that his cares were not ineffectual.

It is eaſy to conceive the ſurpriſe of the young woman on her reſuſcitation, when ſhe found herſelf in a ſtrange houſe, and, as it were, in the arms of her lover, who informed her of what had taken place on her account. She then comprehended the extent of her obligation to her deliverer, and love, more pathetic ſtill than all his perſuaſions to unite their deſtinies, determined her, on her recovery, to eſcape with him into England; here they lived for ſome years in the cloſeſt union.

At the end of ten years they conceived the natural wiſh of reviſiting their own country, and at length returned to Paris, where they took no precaution whatever of concealing themſelves, being perſuaded that no ſuſpicion would attach to their arrival. It happened by chance that the financier met his wife in one of the public walks. The ſight of her made ſo ſtrong

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an impreſſion on him, that the perſuaſion of her death could not efface it. He contrived it ſo as to join her, and notwithſtanding the language which ſhe uſed to impoſe upon him, he left her with the conviction that he was not deceived.

The ſtrangeneſs of this event gave more charms to the woman in the eyes of her former huſband, than ſhe had for him before. He acted with ſuch addreſs, that he diſcovered her abode, notwithſtanding all her precautions, and reclaimed her with all the regular formalities of juſtice.

It was in vain that the lover maintained the right which his cares for his miſtreſs gave him to the poſſeſſion of her: that he repreſented her inevitable death, but for him: that his adverſary diveſted himſelf of all his own rights in cauſing her to be buried: that he ought even to be accuſed of homicide, for want of having taken proper precautions to aſſure himſelf of her death, and a thouſand other ingenious reaſons which love ſuggeſted to him. He found that the judicial ear was unfavourable, and not thinking it expedient to wait the reſult of a definitive judgment, he fled with his miſtreſs into a foreign country, where they paſſed the remainder of their days without further moleſtation.

Thus it appears, from what has been ſtated, that apparent death often carries with it the exterior characters of real death; that men of the faculty may be deceived, and much more ſo thoſe who are leſs inſtructed: hence it follows, therefore, that for the good of humanity it is indiſpenſible that a regulation ſhould be adopted, which would ſave us from the dreadful horrors of ſo cruel an event.

Hiſtory of the Lunatic Aſylum at Cloſterhayn.

DURING the dark ages which preceded the reformation, Cloſterhayn was a celebrated monaſtery, the inhabitants of which were not leſs ſeparated from the world by their ſituation than by their vows. The ſpot choſen for its erection was one of the moſt retired and moſt romantic. In the midſt of a large foreſt, that covers an extenſive tract of country, is a ſmall valley, ſurrounded on all ſides by lofty mountains, which a fine variety of trees clothes with the moſt delightful verdure. On one ſide a ſmall lake receives the different ſprings that iſſue from the mountains, and, on the other, a few well-cultivated fields reward the huſbandman's toil with abundant crops, the produce of which ſupports the inhabitants of the valley. In the midſt of this ſpot was the monaſtery of Cloſterhayn founded; during ſeveral ages it enjoyed the importance uſually annexed at that time to ſuch inſtitutions; but, after the reformation, the building and the revenues were devoted to the more noble pur-

poſe of reſtoring reaſon to thoſe unhappy beings, whoſe lot it has been to be bereft of that attribute of man. Cloſterhayn is the Bedlam of all that part of Germany; and nearly five hundred perſons are there conſtantly ſupported, and, if poſſible, enabled to reſume their ſtations in that ſociety where they could no longer remain without endangering the lives or happineſs of their fellow-men.

The governor of the inſtitution, Von Stamford, is a man who is repreſented as perfectly fitted for the arduous taſk he has undertaken, and all his arrangements and regulations beſpeak a heart that pants for general happineſs, as well as a mind far elevated above the range of mediocrity. I once met him as I was walking among the improvements he has made in the neighbourhood of his reſidence; and, if we may judge by his phyſiognomy, he reſembles him whoſe name no philanthopiſt can hear without revering—Mr. Howard. What I ſaw of his plans, and heard of his character, induce me to think that the care of ſuch an inſtitution could not have been entruſted to a man who would have alleviated more the diſtreſſes of thoſe who are ſubmitted to his direction, and that few would have diſcharged ſo well duties ſo extenſive and important.

The unhappy objects of his attention ſeemed to be divided into three claſſes. The firſt conſiſts of thoſe who are not deprived of their reaſon to any dangerous degree. Theſe can enjoy liberty without diſturbing the tranquillity of the town. Such are under no reſtrictions at all. Thoſe whom age or infirmities have debilitated, content themſelves with wandering in the place, or in the neighbourhood, while others perform different little offices for the inhabitants, and render themſelves in ſome degree uſeful. If they ever abuſe the favours granted them, they are puniſhed by a ſmall ſtone being ſuſpended to their arm, or, if they are guilty of any greater offence, which indicates that their inſanity may be prejudicial to their companions, a larger ſtone is fixed to their ancle, which ſerves as a badge of diſhonour, and prevents exertions, the effects of which might be pernicious. At morning, noon, and night, they aſſemble in a large apartment to partake of their meals: the chaplain then reads prayers, to which moſt of them are very attentive. Many take their proviſions to their homes, or enjoy them ſeated on branches before the different doors of the building.

The next claſs conſiſts of perſons of an higher ſituation in life. Apartments, upon the whole neat and pleaſant, are provided for them, where they enjoy every pleaſure which perſons in their diſtreſſed ſituations can expect, or are capable of ſharing.—I viſited ſeveral, and ſaw their employments. At different intervals they are enabled to carry on ſome trade in articles uſeful to the place, which they render profitable to themſelves and their friends. The third claſs is compoſed of per-

ſons with whom confinement has been the neceſſary reſult of the laſt ſtage of inſanity. They are excluded from ſociety, to prevent the numerous ills that might originate from their preſence. Their diſordered looks, haggard air, diſtorted eyes, and inconſiſtent actions, render their appearance terrible: ſome I ſaw continually weeping; others realizing the picture drawn by Gray, of

" —— Moody madneſs laughing wild
" Amid ſevereſt woe."

Some were inceſſantly raving, while others, at the appearance of every ſtranger, ran to hide themſelves in a corner, oſtrich-like concealing their heads, and thinking themſelves inviſible. The lonely cells they inhabit, where the rattling of their chains is almoſt the only ſound that meets their ears, would be the abodes of deſpair, if inſenſibility to the keeneſt woes, and even a high degree of imaginary bliſs, were not almoſt conſtant attendants on the violent paroxyſms of madneſs. At thoſe intervals when reaſon reſumes her ſway in ſome ſmall degree—when the maniac loſes his rage, and becomes the idiot, theſe unfortunate men are admitted to the favours which the firſt claſs ſhares, and a temporary freedom appears to afford ſome relief till the epoch of inſanity returns.

Such is the manner in which theſe three claſſes are treated. Many have been fully reſtored to the uſe of their reaſon, and have returned to the ſtations they formerly occupied in ſociety. What more convincing proof can be found of the kindneſs of the treatment they have received, than this—that many who have been perfectly recovered, have willingly paſſed the remainder of their days in that retirement, and even requeſted it as a favour the greateſt and moſt important? Such a fact ſurely proves the utility of the inſtitution, and ſpeaks highly to the honour of its director. It is not the unhappy captive of the Baſtille, who, after having lingered during a long ſeries of years in cloſe confinement, refuſes to return into a ſociety, where all is loſt that could endear exiſtence, or give joy to life:—no, it is the grateful man, to whom the world can afford no greater bliſs, than that which he feels amid thoſe ſcenes, where he has received the greateſt of all bleſſings, and where the kindneſs of his benefactor preſents to him the faireſt proſpect of futurity, and the hope of a comfortable ſubſiſtence.

INGENIOUS GENEROSITY: An Anecdote.

WHOEVER is born of a good family, and through the injuſtice of fortune is reduced to a low condition, deſerves compaſſion much more than other perſons in diſtreſs, as he

he is withheld from diſcovering his wants and aſking relief by the ſhame natural to thoſe in his ſphere of life; for ſuch perſons would rather prefer to languiſh under the ſeverity of poverty, and conceal it, than to ſeek relief by diſcloſing it, and receive aſſiſtance with reproof for the want they are in, which becomes an injury rather than a benefit. Therefore it is not enough to relieve them generouſly, but obſerving the dictates of tender pity, we ſhould do it in ſuch a manner that thoſe who receive the benefit, may not be compelled to bluſh at it; and to help them with ſuch delicacy, as not to ſhow one even ſuſpects they ſtand in need of it. The worthy Archbiſhop D'Apchon has furniſhed a noble example of ſuch becoming delicacy, on his acceſſion to the ſee of Auch; as the following anecdote of his ingenious generoſity will ſhow, with what ſkill he could conceal his beneficent hand, to ſave thoſe who were relieved by him the mortificaton of acknowledging the benefactions he beſtowed upon them.

On his arrival at Auch, he heard that there were two ladies of an ancient and honourable family, who having ſurvived their neareſt relations, found themſelves deſtitute, and compelled through poverty to live retired and concealed from the world; but who, nevertheleſs, were worthy and virtuous in all reſpects, and bore their misfortunes with reſignation. Their hard lot excited his compaſſion, and with his uſual ſkilful and ingenious beneficence he thought on the means of delivering them from their unmerited diſtreſs. To teſtify the great regard he had for them, he paid his firſt viſit to them; thereby ſhowing that he honoured and reſpected thoſe ladies more than any other perſons in the town. After the uſual introductory compliments, he entered into a converſation with them, which, by a dexterous and unaffected manner, might confirm them in the opinion of the high eſteem he had conceived for them. He then, as it were by chance, caſt his eye on a picture they had, and praiſed it extremely, declaring that he would willingly give two thouſand crowns for it, as no other picture had ever ſtruck him ſo much: and if he had not feared that they were too much attached to it, he would have taken the liberty to beg of them to part with it at any price. The ladies replied, that they were too happy that his lordſhip had found any thing in their houſe worthy of his approbation, and they would think themſelves highly honoured if he would accept it, without any conſideration in return. The prelate thanked them in the politeſt and beſt manner, as feeling himſelf extremely obliged by their compliance. As ſoon as he was returned to his palace, he ſent for the picture; at the ſame time ſending the two thouſand crowns he had offered for it: and to do away every ſuſpicion of its being a preſent he intended to make them, he ordered ſo many thanks to be

repeated to them, that he induced them to think that they had conferred on him a very great favour.

By the ingenious generosity of the pious archbishop, the ladies were relieved, without being obliged to blush, and even without being hardly sensible of it; the worthy prelate preferring to be taken for a bad connoisseur (as the picture was really of little value) than to leave them exposed to want, or to fail in the delicacy due to their rank, by assisting them in a more direct way.

Speech delivered at the Lunatic Asylum, Exeter, March 29, 1803, on laying the first Stone of the additional Building, by J. Manning, Vice-President.

OF all the calamities incident to human nature, no one is more deplorable than the deprivation of those exalted faculties that more especially distinguish the superiority of man over the animal creation. Every species of this disorder produces a degree of distress peculiarly humiliating, makes the most forcible appeal to our best feelings, and calls for our deepest commiseration. Cut off from all the relations and charities of life, the poor lunatic is dead to every gentle sympathy which God hath ordained to make our journey through this world easy and comfortable to us. In general, none of the duties of this life can be properly attended to; and all preparation for another world is wholly suspended. Surrounding friends deeply partake of the calamity, and in addition to the feelings which the present state of the lunatic must create, are subject to the alarming apprehensions of those common effects of mental derangement, outrage on themselves or others.

To place such objects under the care of skilful physicians, and the protection of gentlemen who shall be influenced only by the most benevolent motives, is a benefit to society, and a great relief to private families.

With these views the Lunatic Asylum was opened in this place, and it has answered every expectation which its most zealous friends could form. Finding the building which hath been opened insufficient to contain the number of objects waiting for admission, a benevolent public has enabled us to enlarge our plan, and we are now assembled to lay the first stone of the additional building.

So great will be the irrationality of those for whom we are about to erect this edifice, that they may have no sense of the assistance administered; so wild and outrageous the phrensy of others, that they may break out into the highest acts of fury against their friends and benefactors. But although no recompence is to be expected from them; though for good they may

return

return evil; yet this will be no bar to our exertions ſince the leſs thankful are the objects we relieve, the more firm will be the foundation of our hope of a recompence elſewhere.

In laying this ſtone we implore the bleſſing of that Almighty Being at whoſe command light ſhines out of darkneſs, and order ſucceeds to confuſion. May this benevolent Being diſſipate the darkneſs which may ſurround the objects who ſhall here be ſheltered, and bleſs the means made uſe of to rekindle the lamp of reaſon, and cauſe it to ſhine with a ſerene and ſteady light! And may our prayers and our alms come up as a memorial before God!

Thoughts on the Manners of the preſent Age.

[From the Literary Journal.]

ALTHOUGH it may appear preſumptuous to anticipate any of the deciſions of poſterity, it ſeems not improbable that, a century hence, the preſent may be denominated the age of taſte. Taſte is a word which occurs more frequently than any other in all our printed annals, and our poſterity muſt naturally imagine that it was a principle which in our times pervaded all animated nature and all moveable art. What it is, thoſe who come after us may be as much at a loſs to define, as we are ourſelves; but that it is ſomething and a very important ſomething, they muſt conclude from every ſpecies of evidence.

It would, however, be prudent in us to afford our children's children ſome data by which they might form an idea of this univerſal principle or paſſion. We cannot, it is hoped, be wholly inattentive to our character in future times, and it behoves us, therefore, to remove thoſe perplexities which obſcure them, and muſt hereafter render our conduct paradoxical. But in what manner can we do this, by what laws we ſhall reduce our taſte to a common ſtandard, by what means we ſhall limit the objects of taſte, or perſuade our ſucceſſors that we have not forgot the meaning of the word, are difficulties which appear inſuperable. So many uſurpers have ariſen to dictate in all matters of taſte, and to extend its boundaries over perſons and things it was never intended to controul, that we deſpair of ſeeing a regular government eſtabliſhed in place of that revolutionary tribunal, which changes its laws and regulations, at leaſt, every moon, and leaves no room for reflection or appeal to original principles.

At this ſeaſon of the year, taſte preſides over routs, and balls, and dinners. In theſe we perceive that it conſiſts of the aggregate of crowded rooms, chalked floors, and variegated lamps.

When

When theſe are deſcribed by the able hiſtorian whoſe province it is to record ſuch aſſociations, we ſeem to have all which aſſociation can give us. In thoſe ſplendid entertainments which formerly were denominated dinners and ſuppers, but which, by a fortunate coalition, are thrown into one, and called *dinner-ſuppers*, taſte is diſplayed in an exhibition of articles, ſome of which are not intended, and ſome are unfit to be eat; and extreme taſte, or that which merits and receives the eulogiums of the hiſtorians above-mentioned, conſiſts in the lateneſs of the hour of aſſembling. Hence ſome have ſuppoſed that taſte is more particularly connected with midnight, and that the light of the ſun, for ſome reaſons not openly avowed, has of late years become particularly obnoxious to perſons of true taſte.

When we have once agreed to regulate our time by the principles of taſte, it is but a ſlight tranſition to place our dreſs under the ſame controul; but here it muſt be confeſſed we are every day departing farther and farther from any thing like a ſtandard. A few years ago, taſte preſcribed that dreſs ſhould not only be applied to decorate the perſon, but to become an integral part of the human body; hence the addition of cork rumps, wax boſoms, and other articles neceſſary to complete the work which nature had very unaccountably left unfiniſhed. But taſte, which ſometimes enjoins ſuperfluities, will at others deny its votaries common neceſſaries; and accordingly has lately preſcribed that nature, which by the former experiments was found incapable of improvement, ſhould be publicly expoſed, and thoſe objects diſplayed which had been concealed for near a century before. This is now in a great meaſure, *true taſte*, and has been attended with ſome very ſingular effects in the manufacturing world. We are aſſured by an eminent artiſt that a dreſs may now be made ſo exceedingly fine and thin, that it may be either carried in a pocket-book, or conveyed by the two-penny poſt to any part of the town.

But while this taſte prevails with the female habiliments, the gentlemen have a rule of taſte peculiar to themſelves, and which can beſt be deſcribed by ſaying, that it is the very reverſe of the former.—With the ladies it is the object to ſhow how little will do for dreſs; with the gentlemen, how much they can carry without fatigue. Hence the total diſuſe of ſilk, linen, and cambric, and the ſubſtitution of broad cloth and leather. But this too is taſte, and as ſuch has the effect of law. The lords of the creation have tailors and boot-makers for their preceptors, and jockies or coachmen for their examples. With ſuch inſtruction, how can they be otherwiſe than deeply learned in affairs of taſte?

In our amuſements, we have likewiſe a taſte appropriate to them. This in the drama is no longer the province of the author, but of the ſcene-painter, the ſcene-ſhifter, and the carpenter; nor would it be juſt to deprive the muſical compoſer of

his due ſhare in this compound taſte, for he has done wonders. By dreſſing the author's dialogue ſometimes in a ſolemn ſuit of ſemibreves, and ſometimes in the plain garb of minims; by ſometimes helping him out with crotches, and ſometimes pricking him on with quavers and ſemiquavers, he has given to groſs nonſenſe a refined taſte, and has kept incapacity out of ſight with aſtoniſhing ingenuity.

In books, too, there is a taſte not very different from this; for as in the drama our taſte depends on the painter, and carpenter, and the muſician, ſo in books we owe it to the ſtationer, the printer, the engraver, and the book-binder. The ſtationer affords ſuperfine wire-wove paper hot-preſſed; the printer ſupplies types as fine as copper-plates, "with a rivulet of text flowing through a meadow of margin;" the binder makes the author paſs for a man of taſte, by his *elegantiss. compact. cor. Turcic. fol. deaurat. &c.* or *elegam. relie en Maroquin feuil dorées.*

But while every article of life has a taſte affixed to it, it cannot be concealed that ſome have very ſeriouſly objected to the word, and at preſent, if our information be not incorrect, another is ſubſtituted which is yet more unintelligible, and conſequently better adapted to general purpoſes. This is *ſtyle.* One man lives in a very genteel ſtyle, while another rode his horſe laſt Sunday, in the park, in a very pretty ſtyle. Mrs. Siddons's ſtyle of playing Lady Macbeth is much admired, but not more than Mr. Hoby's ſtyle of boot-tops. Mr. Fox's ſtyle of oratory is ſuppoſed to reſemble that of Demoſthenes, but no compariſon has yet been found for the ſtyle in which Lady ——'s ball-room was chalked laſt Wedneſday. Few men are much commended for their prudent conduct in domeſtic arrangements, but ſome of the moſt celebrated heroes of Bond-ſtreet are celebrated for doing things in ſtyle.

So general is the application of this magical word, that the newſpaper critics have had a prodigious addition to their neceſſary employments, and are ſometimes expatiating on the ſtyle of an epic poem, and ſometimes deſcanting on the ſtyle of a grand dinner; ſometimes examining the ſtyle of a treaty, and at other times enlarging on the ſtyle of a ſong; ſometimes diſplaying their architectural taſte on the ſtyle of a ſuit of rooms, and ſometimes proving the diverſity of their talents in the ſtyle of a *pas des deux*—ſometimes informing us that a member of parliament ſpoke in an animated ſtyle, and ſometimes expatiating on the intereſting ſtyle of a girl who appeared at the Old Bailey for ſtealing quart-pots—ſometimes they deſcribe the moſt ſtyliſh dreſſes at the opera, and ſometimes they repoſe on the ſtyle of Madame Recamier's bed, or inſtruct us in the ſtyle which has changed a tub into a chariot, and a coach-box into a dicky.

From

From theſe ſpecimens it appears that ſtyle may in time accompliſh the abolition of taſte, and that upon the whole it may be more ſafe and uſeful, ſince there are a few who yet remember the old meaning of *taſte*. It remains, however, to be added, that there are ſome affairs of high life and low life, to which neither taſte nor ſtyle can be applied. There is nothing yet ſaid to be ſtyliſh in the common diſorders to which mankind are ſubject, ſuch as fevers, &c. nor have we heard of any man of faſhion having a fit of the gout in a good ſtyle. Nervous complaints, indeed, are in ſome degree connected with ſtyle, and there are taſte and elegance in the hectic flush, of which we hear frequently. But in general pain is not very intereſting, nor is there any ſtandard of taſte in agonies. As to death it has long been voted a *bore*, and no perſon of *ton* will allow it to be mentioned with patience.

Nor has ſtyle been yet extended to the affairs of the nation; nobody ſpeaks of the ſtyle of the late war (which indeed was ſomewhat confuſed), nor of the late peace. An act of parliament has yet nothing genteel or ſtyliſh about it. Nor are the courts of law under any order in this reſpect. We hear now and then of a barriſter giving a ſtyliſh dinner, or making a ſtyliſh figure at a maſquerade, but he deſerves none of this praiſe when he addreſſes a jury. Our judges give no charges in a ſtyliſh manner; and although criminals are dreſſed in ſtyle, and "look very intereſting," they are tranſported or hanged in the moſt vulgar manner imaginable. It cannot be denied, however, that ſome men, by an exceſs of attention to the fleeting ſtyle or taſte of the day, have brought themſelves into thoſe ſituations which are extremely aukward for a gentleman, becauſe nothing in which he is accompliſhed can be of the leaſt ſervice.

R. S.

USEFUL HINT.

THE magiſtrates of Newcaſtle have fixed, in all the public places of reſort, the following painted on a board in large letters:—

To the Ladies.

"Genteel women who *amuſe* their *idle* hours in *working*, frequently throw ſcraps of linen and cotton of various kinds into the fire. It is requeſted moſt humbly, that every lady will preſerve theſe trifles, and direct their maid ſervants to ſell them, becauſe the ſo doing will prevent 60,000l. being annually *exported* to foreign countries, for the *importation* of old rags to make paper, and which, in conſequence, will become cheaper."

Short ACCOUNT *of* GALVANI.

THE famous Louis Galvani was born at Bologna, the 9th of September, 1737. His birth was reſpectable, for ſeveral of his relations had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in law and divinity. Galvani made choice of the ſtudy of medicine, and married, when very young, the daughter of Profeſſor Galeazzi, who poſſeſſed a high reputation in Italy. To this marriage his ſucceſs in life is, in a great meaſure, to be aſcribed: for he ſeems to have been chiefly indebted to his wife's relations for his appointment to the place of profeſſor of anatomy in the univerſity of Bologna. In that ſituation he publiſhed many important obſervations on comparative anatomy, eſpecially on birds. His eſſay on the urinary organs of theſe animals is well known. His reputation too, as a lecturer, became deſervedly very high. But it was the diſcovery of galvaniſm that contributed chiefly to ſpread his reputation, and upon which his future celebrity will altogether depend.

His character in private life was excellent, and his domeſtic felicity with his wife is painted, by thoſe who knew him, in glowing colours. Her death, after they had been married for thirty years, affected him ſeverely. Indeed it was but the commencement of his misfortunes.

During the troubles in Italy he had eſpouſed the ſide of the old-eſtabliſhed government, and was ſtripped of all his offices, becauſe he refuſed to take the oaths of allegiance to the new Ciſalpine republic. Moſt of his relations periſhed by ſudden or violent deaths, many of them in defence of their country. He had been for many years afflicted with ſtomach complaints, which, gradually increaſing, at laſt occaſioned his death. He died on the 5th of December, 1798, at the age of 61.

Anſwer, by G. Wills, of Newton Abbot, to Taſſo's Queſtion, inſerted February 14.

FIRST, as $1\frac{1}{2}$h. : 360′ :: $1\frac{1}{2}$h. 324, and 360′ — 324 = 36′ = what the quicker hand gains on the other every revolution; conſequently in five revolutions of the former they are 180′ aſunder, which is in direct oppoſition, therefore $1\frac{1}{2}$h. × 5,7$\frac{1}{2}$h. = the time of oppoſition required. Again, turning contrarily, when the quicker hand has moved 180′, the flower can have deſcribed but 162′, making together 342′, conſequently they are then 18′, aſunder; therefore, as 342′ : 180′ :: 18′ : 9-19ths, and 180 × 9′ 9-19ths = 189′ 9 19ths = deſcribed by the quicker at meeting: then as 360′ : $1\frac{1}{2}$ :: 189′ 9-19ths : 15-19h. or 47 7-19ths minutes, = time of meeting required.

Anſwer, by J. Squance, of Exeter, to R. E. Reynolds's Charade, inſerted March 14.

YOUR great emporium, Sir, will ſhew,
The famous LONDON to our view.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Henry Humphreys, R. Holwell, and W. Strong, of Exeter; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; J. Channon, of Ottery; J. Tremlett, of Newton Buſhel; and Recluſe, of Awliſcombe.

Anſwer, by H. Humphreys, of Exeter, to R. Maſſett's Charade, inſerted March 21.

TARGUM will evidently ſhew,
The paraphraſe you had in view.

*** We have received the like anſwer from John Squance, R. Holwell, and W. Strong, of Exeter; J. Lewis, J. B. Bloomfield, and Thomas Adey, of Poole; and S. L. Margary, of Newton Abbot.

Anſwer, by J. Chubb, of Everſhot, to Eleanor's Charade, inſerted March 21.

TEA-POT! the pride of woman-kind,
The real anſwer is I find.

††† We have received the like anſwer from Thomas Adey, J. Lewis, and J. Bloomfield, of Poole; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; H. Humphreys, J. Squance, and W. Strong, of Exeter; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; J. Channon, of Ottery; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; Robert Berry, of South Molton; and Recluſe, of Awliſcombe.

An ENIGMA, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

IN awful ſilence, and in ſolemn ſtate,
I lay in chaos ere the earth was form'd;
In ſeven-fold darkneſs lay, ſuch was my fate,
Ere one bright ſtar the firmament adorn'd.

Imprimis, with the glorious ſun was ſeen,
When he with radiant light adorn'd this ball;
That in the ſolar ſyſtem ſince I've been,
Is now well known, and manifeſt to all.

When dreadful ſtorms, and frightful billows riſe,
And awful thunders ſound from pole to pole,
I with the foaming ſurge aſcend the ſkies,
And with the wide tumultuous ſea I roll.

Confin'd with yonder ſtarry orbs of light,
Ages have paſt, and left me priſoner there;
Time quickly ſlides—I'm now before your ſight,
But in eternity ſhall not appear.

Diſcerning youths, I you aſſiſtance lend,
Tho' I in conflicts, broils, and ſtrife appear;
The vile aſſaſſin oftimes I befriend,
And in his baſe deſigns I take a ſhare.

*** *We are ſorry the correſpondent who tranſmitted to us the* Ode to May *ſet it as an* original *compoſition.*

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

Written in a neglected Shrubbery, Silver Hill, September 6, 1802, and addreſſed to a Friend.

THIS ſhrubbery, tho' rude, to me is dear,
I love the peaceful ſpot;
It ſhelter gives from ſcorching heat,
And kindly favours thought.

How bleſt with thee, beneath this ſhade
Could I have paſs'd my days,
In hearing converſe from thy lips,
Which never fail'd to pleaſe.

How tenderly wouldſt thou have ſooth'd
My every anxious care!
Driv'n melancholy from my breaſt,
And plac'd contentment there.

But why ſhould I indulge theſe thoughts,
Now thou art far away;
It only ſaddens every ſcene,
Where once we us'd to ſtray.

May ev'ry bleſſing thee await,
Peace all thy ſteps attend!
May ev'ry evil thee eſcape,
Sincerely prays thy friend!

Accept theſe dull, unpoliſh'd lines,
Be not ſevere in cenſure;
The heart that dictates only claims
Thy friendſhip and true candour.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

A SONG.

FROM Anna's cot, in deep diſtreſs,
Dejected ſtill I rove,
Reſolv'd by abſence to ſuppreſs
That tyrant traitor, love.
But ah! this heart, this rebel heart,
For freedom ſighs in vain;
Not all the pow'rs of mortal art
Can break the magic chain.

But why from ſcenes ſo long belov'd
Does hapleſs Edwin flee?
Has Anna falſe or faithleſs prov'd?
Ah no! it cannot be:
For when I left the lovely maid,
To quench my flame or die,
The parting tear her grief betray'd,
Her truth the parting ſigh.

Ah ceaſe, dear Anna! ceaſe to mourn,
Nor yield to needleſs fears,
For ſoon thy Edwin ſhall return,
And kiſs away thy tears;
Then, charming nymph! till cruel death
This conſtant ſoul remove,
Each day ſhall prove thy Edwin's faith,
Each hour thy Edwin's love.

PALEMON.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

TRUE HOPE.

ALAS! how ſwiftly do we glide
O'er life's uncertain ſtream;
And cheerleſs is the rapid tide,
When hope with-holds its beam.

But all our hopes of bliſs below,
Like vernal bloſſoms die;
Thoſe hopes alone true joy beſtow,
That centre in the ſky.

When round our bark rough ſtorms prevail,
In ſorrow's ſtar-leſs night,
Hope gladly ſpreads our ſhatter'd ſail,
And truth directs us right.

Thro' faith we then, in each diſtreſs,
The port of Heav'n explore;
And, loſt to earth, delighted preſs
Towards the happy ſhore.

PALEMON.

HYMN *on the* SPRING.

WHILE nature, full of milder grace,
Expects the full return of ſpring,
Already ſee the feather'd race
Chant jocund on exulting wing.

The riſing flowers, the budding trees,
Each airy ſongſter's notes inſpire;
Nor ſhall my muſe forget with theſe
To join the univerſal choir.

Hail! Parent, God, Creator, hail!
Rich fount of life, of ſenſe, of joy!

Thy

Thy praiſe, till this weak tongue ſhall fail,
For ever ſhall this tongue employ.
When morn diſpels the ſhades of night,
I trace thee thro' the live-long day;
When eve ſucceeds retiring light,
Thy name ſtill animates my lay.

While taught by thy unerring ſkill,
Succeſſive ſeaſons intervene,
Earth, all obedient, hears thy will,
And ſpreads the vegetable ſcene.

The ſun, the herald of thy praiſe,
Fills with new life the pregnant plains,
Pours on each ſpot his vital rays;
Bids each be born, and born ſuſtains.

The brood that crowds the wat'ry ſpace,
The rapid ſtreams and trickling rills,
The inſect troops, the reptile race,
The cattle on a thouſand hills—

All, all confeſs thy tender care,
And thine almighty power proclaim;
Thro' earth, and ſea, and trackleſs air,
The voice of nature is the ſame.

Handſworth, April 12. T. M.

The RAINBOW.

MARK, my love! thoſe rainbow dies
Gaily deck the morning ſkies;
Emblem fair of love divine!
Whence the graces ſweetly ſhine,
Breathing odours, breathing mirth,
O'er the boſom of the earth;
While the ſun, ſupreme of day,
Darts around his genial ray;
Warms the earth, and fires the main,
And ſmiles 'mid winter's gloomy reign!
Lo! the lovely ſcene is fled,
From eaſt to weſt divinely ſpread,
To pourtray in colours clear
The fading bloſſoms of the year:
Perchance to ſhow, in tokens mild,
The lot of nature's darling child,
Unſtable man! whoſe glory fades
Like yonder rainbow's light in ſhades:
But ſtill, my love! that ſun ſurvives,
The God, who breath'd our tranſient lives!
No wintry cloud, no deathful ſtorm,
His underived beams deform;
Whoſe power our youth revives, and cheers
With life the flow of circling years.
His eye, thro' every changing ſcene,
Our path ſurveys with look ſerene.

W. EVANS.

TO HIM WHO SAYS HE LOVES.

YOU tell me that you truly love—
Ah! know you well what love does mean?
Does neither whim nor fancy move
The raptures of your tranſient dream?

Tell me, when abſent, do you think
O'er every look, o'er every ſigh?
Do you in melancholy ſink,
And doubt, and fear, you know not why?

Do you, when near her, die to ſay,
How much you love, you cannot tell?
Does a look melt your ſoul away,
A touch your nerves with tranſport ſwell?

Could you, for her, fame, wealth deſpiſe,
In poverty and toil feel bleſt,
Drink ſweet deluſion from her eyes,
Or ſmile at ruin on her breaſt?

The charms of every other fair,
With coldneſs, could you learn to view?
Fondly unchang'd to her repair,
With tranſports ever young and new?

And tell me, at her loſs or hate,
Would death your only refuge prove?
Ah! if in aught you heſitate,
Coward! you dare not ſay you love!

ROSA MATILDA.

OF ANACREON,

THE women ſay, (as I am told,)
"Anacreon is growing old;
"His mirror let him, if he dares,
"Inſpect, and mark his abſent hairs,
"Gone, ne'er again to be recall'd;
"Anacreon, alas! is bald!"
Whether my locks ſtill graceful flow,
Or ceaſe to be, I do not know;
But this I know:—*the more* 'tis fit
The man of years ſhould taſte of wit,
Of wine, of love, of gameſome play,
The *ſhorter* time he has to ſtay!

The FATE *of* GENIUS.

HOW oft is genius, fir'd with noble rage,
Doom'd like the eagle to a narrow cage.